THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Freedom neceſſary for literary Improvement.

(Concluded from page 34.)

ALTHOUGH the government of Athens was better calculated to encourage the arts and ſciences than that of Egypt, it was nevertheleſs, in many reſpects, deficient.—The progreſs of ſcience was, in ſome meaſure, checked by the verſatility of public opinion, which is ever conſequent on popular deluſion.—The government was, indeed free, but the populace were too often the dupes of unprincipled partiſans. Offices were indeed open to all, but when attained to by the ſuffrages of the people, wiſdom to diſcern, a diſpoſition to purſue, and ability to promote, the intereſt of the Commonwealth, would not inſure their continuation in office, nor ſecure from public cenſure.—Of this, a Miltiades, an Ariſtides, a Cimon and a Socrates, all illuſtrious, but equally unfortunate, could have borne a melancholy teſtimony. Thus public offices, at length, became elevated ſtations, when thoſe, who accepted official appointments, ſeemed voluntarily to place themſelves as marks for the ſhafts of ridicule and the arrows of calumny. Literary improvement conſequently ceaſed with the ſuppreſſion of the principal hope, which roufed to application, and ſtimulated to perſeverance.—The Romans in their turn, forward to encourage whatever could improve their condition, and contribute to their greatneſs, uneaſy at ſeeing diſtant nations reſort to Athens to pay their homage to the votaries of ſcience, and unwilling to acknowledge a ſuperior in any thing excellent or praiſeworthy, began, at an early period to encourage the diſſemination of uſeful knowledge. Soon were they as far diſtinguiſhed above their literary rivals, as theſe had formerly been over the Egyptians. Among a people like the Romans, who had learned, from the fatal experience of other nations, the cauſes, which prevented their improvement, we ſhould naturally expect to find all ſuch obſtacles removed, and ſcience receiving all that encouragement, which a free, an independent and a patriotic Republic could afford.—But ſtrange it is, that men, even the moſt enlightened, ſhould be ſo influenced by baſe paſſions, as often to be wilful againſt intereſt, precipitate in ſpite of example, and ignorant notwithſtanding experience.—Such, however, were the Romans.—The fate of many of their citizens, eminent for diſtinguiſhing abilities, for mental accompliſhments and important ſervices to their country, are plain teſtimonies of the weakneſs of their government.—That government cannot be called free, in which the lives and fortunes of the moſt worthy characters are at the mercy of an ignorant, clamorous populace.—Of all deſpotiſms, ſuch is the moſt arbitrary, capricious and cruel.——Paſſing from ancient to modern times, a ſtriking contraſt is perceived.

In England, the arts and ſciences have been carried to a degree of perfection unknown among the ancients. The acceſſion of Elizabeth to the throne ſeemed to effect a favorable change in the literary, as well as political ſtate of her country.—From this eventful era, the mind became free from the influence of heathen idolatry and popiſh deluſion, and the friends of ſcience rejoiced at the flattering proſpect of ſucceſs, which opened before them. Their fond expectations have not been diſappointed. The revolutions, which took place during the reign of the Houſe of Stewart, might interrupt their private walks in the fields of ſcience, but they doubtleſs roufed and exerciſed faculties of mind, which otherwiſe would never have been called into action. Inſtead of checking the progreſs of ſcience, they afforded opportunities for the diſplay of its power, and thus contributed to its improvement. No ſubjects are baniſhed, who deſerve well of their country. None are ſuffered to paſs unnoticed, who give evidence of their uſefulneſs.—Science, however, is not limited by the boundaries of Britain. Its radiant beams have croſſed the Atlantic, and now ſhine, with increaſing ſplendor in this weſtern world.——America too, is able to produce her literary worthies, who may well be compared with thoſe of Europe. The nature of her government is calculated to afford liberal encouragement to ſcience, and ample rewards to its votaries.

From a conviction, that ſuch a government as ours is beſt calculated to facilitate improvement in ſcience, which alone can inſure the preſervation of the rights and privileges of a free people, every intelligent, well-diſpoſed citizen will cheerfully afford it ſupport, that it may continue to flouriſh, and render happy millions yet unborn.

CINCINNATUS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

On Studying the Claſſics, and particularly thoſe in the Latin Language.

AT the preſent day there is a great variety of opinions on almoſt every ſubject; but no one has been more altercated than the ſtudy of the dead languages. The advocates of ancient literature, influenced by the ſtrongeſt prejudice, have called every thing ſuperficial and fantaſtical, which was not an avowed imitation of ſome ancient production. On the other hand, we have been diſguſted with thoſe who rail at every thing which is not modern. They conſider the Claſſics as Gothic monuments, exhibiting the rudeneſs and barbarity of the age in which they were produced, and attempt to perſuade us to neglect them. But let us not be influenced, by either, to condemn what belongs to the preſent age and ſuperſtitiouſly to reverence the paſt; or foolihly to adore modern and wickedly traduce antient writings.—But we confeſs there is more danger of altogether neglecting, than too much admiring, the Claſſics. It is to be lamented, that ſo many are contented with a mere ſmattering of the Latin and Greek, and feel ſo unconſcious of their importance.

Much, and with great force, might be ſaid to induce to an acquaintance with thoſe languages; but one argument, however abſurd and impotent, enliſted with indolence, has more effect than the moſt perſuaſive reaſons againſt it. The Latin, in particular, from which ſo many of our choiceſt words and happieſt expreſſions are derived, demands our higheſt attention. It is eaſily acquired and long retained. It ſhould be the ſtudy in youth, when the memory is vigorous and the judgment too feeble for abſtruſe ſtudies. It is true that words only will be acquired at firſt; but as the intellect grows, the conceptions of the author will inſinuate and at length burſt with all their ſplendor on the mind. They will be led to examine the principles of the language, with a critical eye, and admire the felicitous appropriation of words to thoughts, the diſcriminating nicety of the modes, the philoſophical propriety of the tenſes, and be initiated in the principles of grammar from one of the maſter languages of the world.—It has been ſaid that a good knowledge of our own language cannot be gained without the knowledge of the Latin: And I believe that whoever compares the writings of the beſt authors in Engliſh, who were only acquainted with their vernacular language, with Macintoſh, Burke and Jones will find the correctneſs of the declaration. If ſuch are the advantages of ſtudying the Latin, we ſhould begin it early, purſue it attentively, and never neglect it.

Amico Cincinnatus.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

(The ſubſequent letter of condolence was written by a young lady, to her female friends, who had juſt been bereaved of an amiable and affectionate mother, and were almoſt overpowered by the torrent of affliction. It is not a ſenſeleſs jumble of words, but appears to be the genuine effuſion of ſympathy and friendſhip; and to have flown from the heart of one, who had herſelf ſhed the tears of ſorrow, and been ſolaced by the benignant charms of religion.)

K——, Oct. 26, 1805.

My dear and afflicted friends,

AS the circumſtances of my ſituation prevent my viſiting, I have taken up my pen to addreſs you. "It is good to go to the houſe of mourning." It muſt then be laudable to remember the bereaved, and communicate to them our ſympathizing emotions. I ſhall not attempt to eraſe ſorrow from your hearts, for, I am confident, that would be vain. *He only, who bruiſed, can bind up the wound.* But it is gratifying to know that we have the ſympathy of thoſe, whom we eſteem to be our friends; and ſuch, I hope, you conſider the perſon, the initials of whoſe name are at the bottom of this letter. Believe me, when I tell you, *I feel* your griefs. Am I not qualified to feel them?

Have I not experienced diſtreſſes ſimilar to yours? Would to Heaven, I could adminiſter any conſoling balm to your bleeding hearts. The only balſam for wounds like yours, is fortitude and religion. The firſt elevates us above the unavoidable calamities of life, and enables us to view and bear them with philoſophical firmneſs. The latter directs us to reflect with conſideration, to look forward with hope, and meet the preſent with ſubmiſſion. I mean the *Chriſtian religion*. It is that which ſhoots benignant beams into that valley where reigns she fable moſter death. Paganiſm, at beſt, allows its votary to entertain falſe hopes; and in moſt inſtances leaves him in the faſt bonds of ſtupidity. Mahometaniſm aſſigns eternal exiſtence to only half mankind. While *Chriſtianity* brings life and immortality to unclouded light. It demonſtrates an hereafter, and gives aſſurance of a *Saviour*. May we be the ſubjects of this happy, this glorious religion. You may think that it is impoſſible you ſhould retain any degree of ſerenity under the great deprivation you have ſuſtained. But pauſe a moment, and reflection will teach you, that your motives for conſolation are by no means inconſiderable. You have loſt a moſt affectionate, beloved and excellent mother. Her good qualities you will ſay, aggravate the affliction. Ought they ſo to affect you. No, my friends, no. Her amiable and virtuous qualities furniſh to you the greateſt ſources of comfort.—They have rendered her memory precious to all thoſe who had the happineſs of being acquainted with her; and they have given you the only aſſurance you can have, that ſhe is now receiving a reward in the manſions of everlaſting bliſs. She is releaſed from a world, where thorns ſpring up at almoſt every ſtep, and the flowers (if any there be) are often a covert for the lurking aſp and the poiſonous weed. When we conſider that death muſt inevitably arreſt each individual at ſome certain period; and when we take into account, the ſhort term of time that will intervene before we, if virtuous, ſhall be again united with our virtuous and beloved friends; why ſhould we grieve, that they have firſt quitted a world, at beſt, a chequered ſcene of pains and pleaſures? If they were religious, how happy and advantageous the exchange they have made? They have taken poſſeſſion of an inheritance eternal, where ſorrow cannot approach, and joy is without grief. The great Author of our exiſtence afflicts us not for the ſake of afflicting. He is wiſe and knows what is beſt for us; he is good and will do us no wrong. His work is perfect, he cannot err. Could we view that grand plan in all its parts on which the Deity acts, we ſhould diſcern the perfect fitneſs of every providential event. It is becauſe our eyes are weak that clouds and darkneſs appear to ſhroud the *all-governing Throne*.

I cannot expect, nor do I wiſh, that you ſhould be unaffected. When cords ſo tender as were thoſe that linked together your's and your mother's hearts, are ſundered, nature muſt bleed; humanity will weep. But to *mourn* ought not to be your *object*; you muſt not cheriſh ſorrow. Your *object* ought to be improvement; your ſolicitude ſhould dwell on this enquiry, *How much wiſer and better ought this affliction to render us?* May you and I receive inſtruction; may the Great Diſpoſer of things ſanctify his dealings; and that you may be happy in the exerciſe of that religion, which has God for its object, the Holy Ghoſt for its influencer, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt for its Author, and eternal life for its hope, is the ſincere prayer of your ſympathizing friend.

L. S.

SELECTIONS.

BIOGRAPHY OF MILTON.

THIS moſt illuſtrious Engliſh poet, and famous alſo for his politics, was born in Bread-ſtreet, London, Dec. 9, 1608, and received the rudiments of a learned education at St. Paul's School.—In 1625 he was admitted of Chriſt's College in Cambridge. His father deſigned him for the church; nor had he himſelf any other intentions for ſome time; but afterward growing out of humour with the public adminiſtration of eccleſiaſtical affairs, and thence diſſatisfied with the eſtabliſhed form of church government, he dropped all thoughts of that kind.—After he had taken the degree of M. A. in 1632, he left the univerſity, and returned to his father, at Horton, near Colnbrook, in Buckinghamſhire. In a five years retirement here, he enriched his mind with the choiceſt ſtores of Grecian and Roman learning, drawn from the beſt authors in each language, conſtantly keeping his eye upon poetry; for the ſake and ſervice of which chiefly theſe treaſures were collected: and the poems intitled "Comus" "l'Allegro," "Il Penſeroſo," and "Lycidas," all written within this period, would have tranſmitted his fame to the lateſt poſterity, if he had never produced any thing elſe.—Upon the death of his mother in 1638, he ſet out to ſee foreign countries, and paſſed near two years on his travels in France and Italy, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much by his talents in poetry, that he was treated with ſingular reſpect and kindneſs by perſons of the firſt rank both for quality and learning. He received alſo encomiums from Rome; one of which written by Salvaggi, was this diſtich;

"Græcia, Mæonidem, jactet ſibi Roma Maronem:
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem."

Of which Dryden's celebrated epigram of ſix lines, uſually prefixed to "Paradiſe Loſt," is little more than a tranſlation:

"Three poets in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The firſt in majeſty of thought ſurpaſs'd,
The next in gracefulneſs; in both the laſt.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third ſhe joined the former two."

Milton returned to England in 1639, and hired a lodging in St. Bride's church yard, Fleet-ſtreet, where he employed himſelf in educating his ſiſter's two ſons, Edward and John Philips: and being ſolicited by ſeveral friends for the ſame favour for their children, he took a handſome garden-houſe in Alderſgate-ſtreet fit for the purpoſe. Here he formed the plan of his academical inſtitution, afterwards ſet forth in his "Tractate of Education;" in which he leads his ſcholar from Lilly, as he expreſſes it, to his commencing maſter of arts. Here alſo he wrote many polemic and controverſial tracts. In 1643, he married a daughter of Richard Powell, Eſq. of Foreſthill in Oxfordſhire, a gentleman of good eſtate and reputation, but a firm Royaliſt. She had not cohabited with her huſband much above a month, when, under a pretence of viſiting her friends, ſhe deſerted him. About two years afterwards, however, viſiting a relation, he was ſurpriſed by the entrance of his wife, who, ſubmitting herſelf, and imploring pardon and reconciliation on her knees, he took her again to his boſom. It is not to be doubted but this interview muſt wonderfully affect him; and perhaps the impreſſion it made on his imagination contributed much to the painting that pathetic ſcene in "Paradiſe Loſt," where Adam's reconciliation to Eve after her fall is thus deſcribed:

"——Soon his heart relented
Towards her his life ſo late, and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs."

At the deſtruction of monarchical government by the death of the king, Milton, whoſe principles were ſtrongly republican, was taken into the ſervice of the commonwealth, and made Latin ſecretary to the council of ſtate. In 1651 he publiſhed his celebrated piece intituled "Pro Populo Anglicano Defenſio, contra Claudii Salmaſii Defenſionem Regiam;" which performance ſpread his fame over all Europe. While he was writing this piece he loſt his eye-ſight; which had been decaying for ſeveral years. In 1652 he loſt his wife, who died ſoon after the delivery of her fourth child; but he preſently married a ſecond, going on in the mean time, as uſual, with the buſineſs of his pen. At the reſtoration, having by his learning and talents procured many friends, he was included in the general amneſty; and, and having married a third wife, removed to a houſe in the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.—Though his circumſtances were much reduced by conſiderable loſſes at the Reſtoration, yet his principles not ſuffering him to ſeek or accept any public employment at court (for it is ſaid that Charles II. would have continued him Latin ſecretary), he ſat down to his ſtudies, and applied himſelf diligently to finiſh his grand poem "Paradiſe Loſt," which was publiſhed in 1667; and, in 1670 "Paradiſe Regained," a poem in four books; to which was added "Samſon Agoniſtus, a Dramatic Poem." In 1669 he publiſhed his "Hiſtory of Britain;" which had occupied him for many years; and this was one of his laſt publications, dying of the gout, at his houſe at Bunhill, in the beginning of November 1674. He was interred near his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate; where a handſome monument has been recently erected to his memory by the late Mr. Whitbread. In 1737 a decent one was erected by Mr. Benſon, in Weſtminſter Abbey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lentulus to the Roman Senate.

[*The following, copied from an old Magazine, is ſaid to be taken from a letter, which Lentulus wrote to the Roman Senate, on the character of Chriſt.*]

There lives at this time in Judea, a man of ſingular virtue, whoſe name is Jeſus Chriſt, whom the Barbarians eſteem a Prophet; but his own followers adore him as the offſpring of the Immortal Gods. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all ſorts of diſeaſes by a word or a touch. He is tall and well ſhaped; of an amiable and reverend aſpect; his hair of a colour that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls on his ſhoulders, parted on the crown of his head like the Nazarites. His forehead is ſmooth and large, his

cheeks of a lovely red,—his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry—his beard thick, reaching an inch below his chin, and parting in the middle—his eyes bright, clear and serene.

He rebukes with majesty, and counsels with mildness. His whole address, whether in word or deed is elegant and grave. No man has seen him laugh—but he has wept frequently. He is very temperate, modest and wise.

CAMERA OBSCURA.

Great improvements have been made in Europe in the *Camera Obscura*. By means of an inclined mirror, bodies are magnified to such a degree, that a miniature picture acquires the dimentions of the human figure. Another contrivance places objects which appear reversed, in their natural position. In short, a solar microscope adapted to the upper part of the *Camera* renders it capable of being employed in the open air. [*Ev. Fire-Side.*

SPECIMEN
OF ORIENTAL MANNERS.

The Caliph Harron, son of Hali, being at table, a slave unfortunately let fall a dish of meat reeking hot, which scalded the Caliph severely. The slave fell on his knees, repeating these words of the Alcoran :—*Paradise is for those who restrain their anger.* I am not angry with thee, answered the caliph. *And for those who forgive offences against them*—continues the slave. I forgive thee thine, replies the caliph. *But above all for those who return good for evil,* adds the slave. I set thee at liberty, rejoins the caliph.

FROM THE POLYANTHOS.

The following humourous piece is the classical *effusion of a former son of Harvard, and though once published, is in my opionion well worth reprinting.* *B.*

CUM ita semper me amares,
How to reward thee all my care is,
Amice admodum amande,
Prithee leave off thy drinking brandy ;
Vides quo sorte jaceam hic,
And all for this, oh sick ! oh sick !
Jam fumi vexant matrem piam ;
Tom Row was ne'er so sick as I am ;
Et properat mors cito pede ;
Then thus my chattels I bequeath thee.
Imprimis, terræ do cadaver ;
But for my soul I know who'll have her.
Secundo, mi amice bone
My breeches take, but there's no money.
Caligas, calceos, dabo hos,
Tho' they're not paid for yet, Jack knows.
Et vestes etiam tibi dentur,
Wear them for my sake if you'll venture.
Pediculos (si possis) pellas,
But lice i'faith are gentlemen's fellows :
Do libros tibi et totam musam
If I should live I ne'er should use 'em.
Spero quod his contentus eris,
But I've a friend almost as dear is.
Vale, nec plura tibi dentur,
Adieu, dear Tom, my love pray send her.

Copy of Oliver Cromwell's Letter presented by J. Wilmot, Esq. to the British Museum.

Sr. of all men I should not trouble you with monie matters, did not the heavy necessityes my troupes are in, presse mee beyond measure, I am neglected exceedingly I am now ready for my march towards the enemie whoe hath intrenched himselfe over against Hull, my L. Newcastl. havenige beseiged the towne. Many of my Ld of Manchesters troupes are come to mee, very bad, and mutenus, not to bee confided in, they payen to a week almost, mine noe wayes provided for to support them, except by the poore sequestrations of the county of Hunt ; my troupes increase, I have a lovely companie, you would respect them did you knowe them, they are noe Anabapt. they are honest sober christians, they expect to be used as men, If tooke pleasure to write to the house in bitterneese I have occasion, the 3000l. allotted mee, I cannot gett the part of Norfolke nor Hartfordsheire, it was gonn before I had itt, I have minded your service, to forgetfulneese of my own and souldiers neceffityes, I desire not to seeke my selfe, I have little moeie of my owne to help my souldiers, my estate is little, I tell you the businesse of Ireland and England hath had of mee in monies between eleven and 1200 pounds, therfour my private can doe little to helpe the publike you have had my monie, I hope in God I desire to venter my skinn, soe doe mind, lay waite upon their patience but break itt nott, thinke of that wch may bee a real helpe, I believe 5000l. is due if you lay aside the thought of mee and my letter I expect noe help pray for

Your true friend and servant
OLIVER CROMWELL.

The celebrated Milesian Philosopher, illustrious as the founder of the Ionic school, having received the following questions from Amasis, king of Egypt, sent these answers to each of them.

Wouldst thou be informed *what is* OLDEST ? It is GOD, because he is a being from eternity. Wouldst thou know *what is* GREATEST ? It is SPACE ; for the world contains all things, but that contains the world. Wouldst thou be satisfied *what is* FAIREST ? It is EARTH ; because it is exquisitely contrived and arranged.—Wouldst thou be told *what is* WISEST ? It is TIME ; because it discovers the most secret transactions. Wouldst thou be acquainted with *what is* COMMON to all men ? It is HOPE ; for when every possession is gone, *that* abides with us. Dost thou ask *what is* BEST ? It is VIRTUE, for it sweetens the enjoyments of life. Dost thou ask *what is* WORST ? It is VICE, for it corrups every good. Dost thou inquire *what is* STRONGEST ? It is NECESSITY ; because that alone is invinsible. Dost thou inquire *what is* MOST AGREEABLE ? It is *to obey the dictates of Virtue*, and follow the ends she has marked out.

The Prince of Wales has subscribed Five Hundred Guineas to a *Naval Column* to be erected to the memory of his friend, Lord Nelson,

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INSTALLATION.

On the 1st inst. Rev. Elijah Waterman was installed over the Presbyterian Church, in Bridgeport, in Connecticut.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor cannot be too grateful to EUGENIO, for his liberality in frequently furnishing him with easy, elegant, and *original* poetry.

We shall, before long, expect to hear from N.

LEANDER is solicited to transmit us more of the productions of his solitary hours. His address to *his bible* we hope will lead our readers to an attentive and frequent perusal of that valuable book.

A. H's *nonsense* can have no place in the Tablet.

N. M's essay has been weighed in the balance of criticism and found wanting.

Is HIRAM's attention wholly occupied in "teaching the young idea how to shoot" ?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Souhegan-Grove, Jan. 1806.

TO HERMES.

PROUD to be notic'd thus by one
So oft conversant with the Gods !
I, friendly bard, accept thy boon,
Unworthy such distinguish'd odds.
Minerva's wreath who could refuse ?
Sure, it can never cease to beam—
Twice honor'd ; for thy gen'rous muse
Hath dipt it in Castalia's stream.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

WINTER.

HARK ! how the rugged north winds blow,
Wafting through ether fields of snow,
Burst from Eolus' cave ;
Hoarse sounds the elemental roar ;
Th' affrighted ships swift driv'n on shore,
Dash'd by the foaming wave.

Chill'd by the frost, old mother Earth
Denies to vegitation birth ;
The liquid streams congeal'd ;
The fierce, ferocious beasts of prey
Have sought a refuge far from day,
In dens and caves conceal'd.

The choir forsake the leafeless grove
In southern sunny climes to rove
The herds have quit the plain ;
By instinct taught the dire alarm ;
Safe shelter'd from the winter storm,
Nurs'd by the hoary swain.

His gran'ry stor'd, his charge secure,
Prepar'd stern winter to endure,
The farmer takes his rest,
He trims the brisk enliv'ning fire,
His infants, fondling round their sire,
Are to his bosom prest.

His wife, companion of his toil,
Dresses the product of the soil,
A rich but homely fare ;
His table crown'd with Ceres' gifts,
To Heav'n his thankful heart he lifts,
And breathes a fervent pray'r.

The storms are past—the clouds away—
The sun emits a feeble ray,
Sailing adown the west ;
The crescent Moon and Venus bright
Add splendor to the silv'ry night,
And cheer the youthful breast.

The rosy nymphs and gentle swains
Glide swiftly o'er the fleecy plains,
Drawn by the harness'd steed ;
Till all arrive—th' illumin'd hall
Invites her vot'ries to the ball
The sprightly dance to lead.

Apollo and the Muſes reign,
The Graces follow in the train;
Till Somnus bids them cloſe;
Then all, retir'd, ſafe from alarms,
Reclin'd in beauty's ſmiling arms
Are huſh'd to ſoft repoſe.

Jan. 1806. EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO MY BIBLE.

Mr. Orlando,

The following lines were written in the gloomy retreats of ſorrow, when no friend, but my Bible, could afford a ſolace, or ſooth the agonies of a throbbing heart; when a ſingle doubt of its divine original would have ſullied my higheſt joy, and infidelity have rifled every ſupport.

MY Bible, friendſhip is in thee,
Unſullied, pure, unſhaken, free;
To thee, when hoſts of boaſted friends,
From ſelfiſh ſchemes and worldly ends,
With ſcornful looks and cold diſdain,
Indiff'rent to my mental pain,
Turn from me, and, with glee and health,
Purſue the phantoms, honour, wealth,
Conſcious of all thy worth I fly,
And on thy counſels firm rely,
Feaſt on thy conſolations, read
That friendleſs wretches muſt be freed,
From earth-born wo, and ere long riſe
In flaming chariots to the ſkies.

Let infidels thy truths deſpiſe,
And hypocrites in friendſhip's guiſe,
With rinkl'd brows and zeal intenſe,
Fawn o'er thee, and make vaſt pretence,
But in the hour of ſorrow's trial
Give all their wonted love denial;
Let num'rous hoſts of chriſtian name,
Neglect thee to their higheſt ſhame,
Let all thine enemies unite,
And all the powers of darkneſs fight,
The more they rage, I'll love thee more,
And claſp thee cloſer than before;
To thee yet firmer will I cleave,
Who never haſt nor wilt deceive.

Equally are thy favours ſtrow'd
On rich, on poor, the meek the proud,
To all thou makeſt lib'ral proffers,
Alike to votaries and ſcoffers;
But yet the humble are thy boaſt,
Who ſeek thy boon, and woo thee moſt,
Who ſcorn thoſe things the world calls dear,
At treaſures, crowns, and empires ſneer.

To me, though wealth and pomp deſpiſe,
And former friends throw off diſguiſe,
The world entwine with all its care,
And ſink me down in deep deſpair,
Thou doſt thy kindly aid extend,
And lead to Him who can defend,
Refreſh the heart with Gilead's balm,
Shed through the ſoul delight and calm.

What ſcenes together have we paſt,
Wild, mazy ſcenes of every caſt,
Now bright, now dark without one ray
To gild the lonely pilgrim's way;
A dreary deſert all around,
When fens and pits and ſnares abound,
When thorns and briars hedge the road,
And toſſing meteors lure abroad.
Thro' all theſe wilds thy look has cheer'd,
Whilſt thou waſt near, no harm I fear'd,
No lurking danger could annoy,
No cunning art my mind decoy.

Whate'er my fate in future days,
Thou ſhalt direct and guide my ways,
Point out what fitteſt is to do,
What I ſhould ſhun, and what purſue,
And check, ſhould thrift her treaſures bring
My flights on Pride's fantaſtic wing;
Should troubles riſe with diſmal fears,
Wipe off affliction's bitter tears.
Life's rugged journey thus we'll go,
Joy in the taſk and ſpurn the woe,
Cheer up the road with David's lay,
And chaſe each boding thought away.
Then when at length I come to die,
Thou by my humble head ſhalt lie,
And mitigate death's venom'd ſtings,
Till the laſt dregs of life he wrings.

LEANDER.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Virginia Gazette.

THE TEARS OF SCIENCE.

AT the ſeat of inſtruction, where once ſhe was bleſs'd,
Fair Science ſat mourning, with ſadneſs oppreſs'd;
Her maps and her volumes lay ſcatter'd around,
Her globes, all in fragments, were ſtrew'd on the ground;
They lay, in rude tatters, the relicts of ſenſe,
The waſte and deſtruction of genius immenſe!
She ſigh'd, ſhook her head, and with anguiſh began,
"Alas! for the boy that believes he's a man,
When his ſtature grows tall, and his fingers begin
To ſtroke the ſoft down that comes over his chin,
When he talks of aſſemblies, aſſumes the fine air,
Falls in love, as *he calls it*, and dreams of the fair.
This ſchool, and the ſtudents, I claim'd for my own;
Here my precepts were utter'd my maxims made known,
I diſplay'd the fair honors for Wiſdom deſigned,
And the laſting content ſhe beſtows on the mind;
I open'd my treaſures—around me they came,
And I rous'd their ambition for glory and fame.
They heard me with rapture—I ſaw in their eyes
Fair hope, emulation and genius ariſe.
I hailed the glad omen—my children, I cried,
Let no pleaſing objects your boſoms divide,
Till crown'd with fair virtue, with learning refin'd,
I reſtore you, a bleſſing and joy to mankind.
Oh fond expectation! I ſaw with deſpair
How oft they forſook me to wait on the fair;
While I talk'd of the planets that roll thro' the ſkies,
Their minds were on dimples, and beautiful eyes!
Laid down poſitions, and ſtrove to explain,
They thought of Eliza, Louiſia, and Jane.
I ſaw a fine youth, as apart he retir'd
He ſeemed with the ardour of Science inſpir'd;
His looks and his pen were diſpos'd in due place,
And deep lines of thinking were mark'd in his face.
Sweet hope in my breaſt was begining to ſwell,
And I lov'd the dear lad that could ſtudy ſo well;
Nor ſhall my aſſiſtance be wanting, I cried;
I'll crown thy exertions—and ſprang to his ſide,
Alas! an Acroſtic!! the verſes were plann'd,
The name it was written, the letters were ſcann'd;
The initials arrang'd, to promote the deſign,
And genius was working to get the firſt line.
I ſhut up my Euclid—I bluſh'd for myſelf,
I laid Blair and Murray again on the ſhelf;
Diſappointed, and o'ereome with regret,
I utter'd a wiſh I ſhall never forget,
"That ev'ry fair maiden, my councils wound prize,
And ſhun ev'ry lad till he's learned and wiſe."

From the Evening Fire-Side.

AN ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM COWPER.

And is the ſpirit of the Poet fled?
Yes—from its earthly tenement 'tis flown;
And Death at length has added to the dead,
The ſweeteſt minſtrel that the world has known.

Untainted with the blandiſhments of vice,
Which mark the manners of the preſent age,
He ſought and found the pearl of precious price,
Which ſtands recorded in the ſacred page.

Yet, ſpite of all that wiſdom could impart,
And all the fervour of religious flame;
Grief pour'd a tide of anguiſh through his heart,
And ſhook the fabric of the mental frame.

Too nice, too great, his ſympathy of ſoul,
For oh! his feelings were ſo well refin'd,
That ſenſe became impatient of controul,
And madneſs ſeiz'd the empire of his mind.

But when reflection threw her eagle eye
Athwart the gloom of unpropitious fate;
Faith op'd a ſplendid viſta to the ſky,
And gave an earneſt of a happier ſtate.

To ſee, while ſceptics to the effects of chance,
Aſcribe creation's ever varying form;
To ſee, diſtinctly at the firſt ſlite glance,
Who wings the lightning, and who drives the ſtorm.

To bruſh the cobweb follies from the great,
Which art with all his ſophiſtry has ſpread;
Uphold the honours of a ſinking ſtate,
And bid religion raiſe her drooping head;

Such were the duties of th' enraptur'd bard,
In ſuch, his lucid intervals he paſs'd;
And finding *virtue* was her own reward,
Woo'd and rever'd the veſtal to the laſt.

Know then, tho' death has added to his liſt
As ſweet a bard as even ſwept the lyre;
In death's deſpite his memory ſhall exiſt,
In numbers pregnant with celeſtial fire.

Yes—Cowper! with thy own expreſſive lays,
Lays which have haply many a mind illum'd,
Thy name ſhall triumph o'er the lapſe of days,
And only periſh when the world's conſum'd.

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